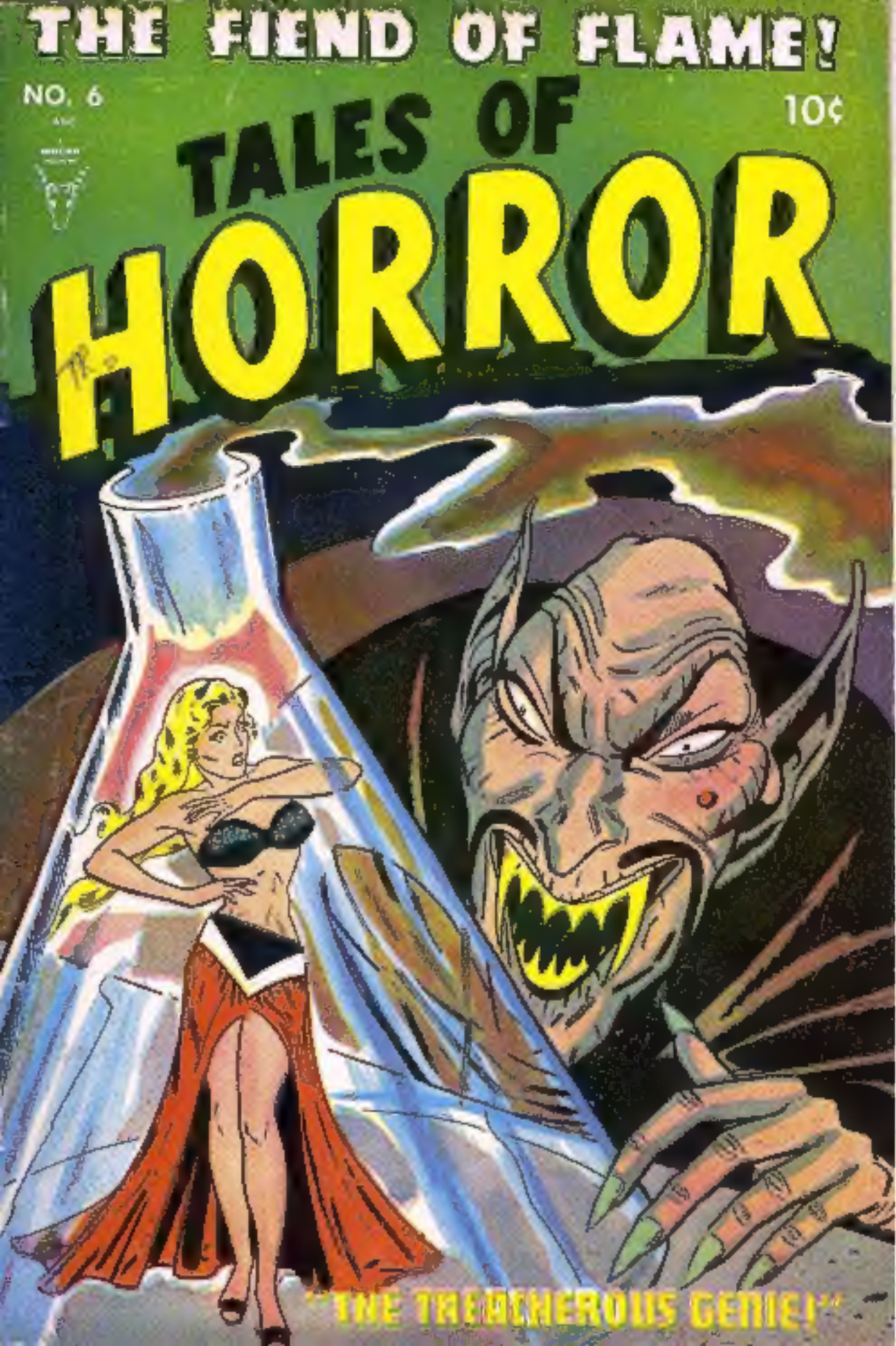
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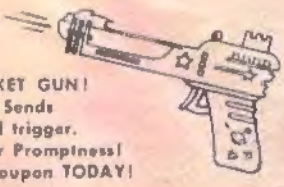

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TALES OF HORROR. No. 6, AUGUST, 1953. Published by MINOAN PUBLISHING CORP., 17 East 45th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Mel Lazarus, Art Director. Benton J. Resnik, General Manager.

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A TALE OF HORROR

LIKE MOST SMALL MEN, EDGAR TILBURT HAD BIG AMBITIONS, BUT LITTLE EDGAR NEVER DREAMED THE DAY WOULD COME WHEN HIS SLIGHTEST WISH WOULD BE SATISFIED BY A MONSTROUS GIANT WHO HAD GREEDY AMBITIONS OF HIS OWN!

THE TREACHEROUS GENIE

MOUSEY EDGAR TILBURT FELT VERY LONELY... VERY UNWANTED. HE WAS A SMALL MAN LIVING IN A BIG WORLD. HE HAD SMALL ABILITIES BUT LARGE DESIRES...

THERE WAS DESPAIR IN EDGAR'S HEART. HOW COULD HE... SMALL, UNGIFTED, UNLUCKY, EVER GET THE PALACES, POWER, MONEY, BEAUTIFUL WOMEN HE DREAMED ABOUT?

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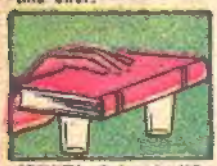

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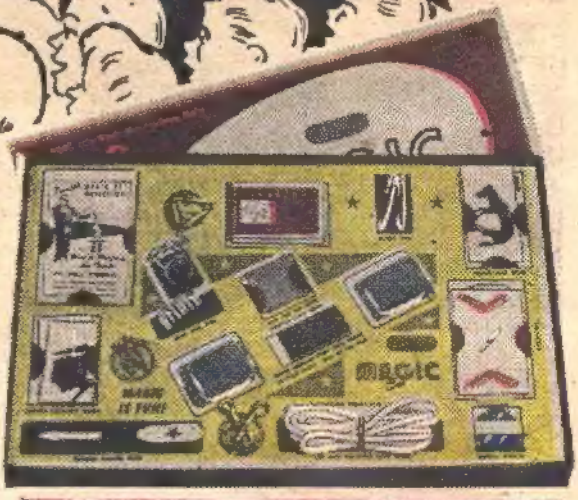

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IT WAS TRUE. NOBODY CARED WHETHER EDGAR LIVED OR DIED... EXCEPT EDGAR. HE WAS A HUMAN SPECK LOST IN A BIG CITY. PUSHED AROUND.
H-HEY! OOWWW!
IGNORED...
OHHHH!
BRUISED...
HEY! LOOK OUT...
CRACK!
HE WALKED ALONE...
FILTHY NEIGHBORHOOD! GROWS FILTHIER EACH DAY!
VOTE
AND LIVED ALONE...
THE SMELL! IT GETS WORSE EVERY DAY... UGHHH!
AND ATE ALONE...
BEANS... BEANS... BEANS... NOT EVEN THE FOOD I EAT IS DECENT!
INSTEAD OF ALL THIS MAKING EDGAR A MEEK, MILD, DEFEATED LITTLE MAN... IT MADE HIM VICIOUS, SNEAKY, GREEDY, AND MERCILESS...
JIM! THE WASH IS MISSING! SOMEBODY STOLE THE CLOTHES OFF THE LINE!
HEH! HEH! THESE WILL BRING A FEW BUCKS AT A SECOND-HAND CLOTHES STORE!
EDGAR ENJOYED MAKING PEOPLE MISERABLE...
THE BALL WAS HIT AROUND HERE! W-WHERE COULD IT HAVE GONE TO?
GOSH! IT'LL BE A WEEK BEFORE WE CAN SAVE UP FOR ANOTHER BALL!

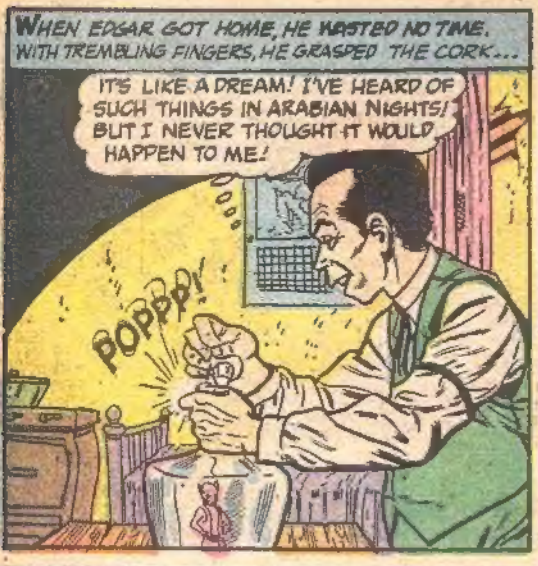
IF EDGAR HAD A CONSCIENCE, IT WAS WELL HIDDEN...
I CAN USE THIS MONEY AS WELL AS THE BLIND MAN! IN THIS WORLD, IT'S DOG EAT DOG!
I AM BLIND
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. EDGAR TILBURT WAS OUT TO DO THE WORLD IN THE EYE! WHAT HE COULDN'T GET HE WAS GOING TO STEAL!
THE FOOL LEFT THEIR WINDOW OPEN! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING IN THE APARTMENT WORTH FILCHING!
ANYTHING THAT WASN'T NAILED TO THE FLOOR OR THE WALL EDGAR CONSIDERED FAIR GAME...
M-MY SUITCASE! IT'S GONE!..(GASP!)...HELP! SOMEBODY STOLE MY SUITCASE!
HEH! HEH!
ONE WINTER NIGHT, HAVING NOTHING BETTER TO DO, EDGAR WAS WANDERING THROUGH THE STREET, LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO STEAL OR SOMEBODY TO MAKE MISERABLE...
NOBODY'S OUT TONIGHT... NOT EVEN A STRANGE DOG! HMM... I'LL GET OUT OF THE COLD! IT'S TOO EARLY TO GO HOME...
SHOP CURIOS FROM THE FAR CORNERS OF THE EARTH!
DEL GRECO COME IN AND BROWSE! ASK FOR IT!
YES? CAN I HELP YOU? ARE YOU LOOKING FOR SOMETHING SPECIAL?
SINCE YOU ASK...YES, WHAT'S AN EASY WAY TO BECOME A MILLIONAIRE?
AH! IF I KNEW THE ANSWER TO THAT, WOULD I BE IN THIS DINGY HOLE, SQUEEZING PENNIES OUT OF PASSING DERELICTS? I'M SORRY, MY FRIEND, THERE'S NO EASY WAY TO MAKE A FORTUNE!
SO I HAVE FOUND FROM MY OWN EXPERIENCE. THERE'S NO EASY WAY TO GET ANYTHING YOU WANT... IT IS ONLY EASY TO STARVE, TO DREAM, TO DIE.
TRUE. YET WE LIVE IN A MARVELOUS AGE. AN AGE OF RICHES AND BEAUTY. WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO EVER LIVED?
I SEE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN ALL THE TIME, ON THE MOVIE SCREEN, IN THE MAGAZINES, ON THE STREETS. THEY ARE AS ATTAINABLE AS THE STARS.

HERE IS ONE BEAUTY MUCH NEARER TO HAND. BOTTLED IN FACT. HAVE A LOOK!
A WOMAN IN A BOTTLE? ARE YOU CRAZY?
AM I?
GASP! ...THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE BOTTLE! IT IS A WOMAN. A TINY WOMAN!
LET ME OUT! PLEASE! LET ME OUT! I BEG OF YOU!
(GASP!)...SHE'S TALKING TO ME! S-SHE'S PLEADING WITH ME TO LET HER OUT!
YOU CAN RELEASE HER VERY EASILY. JUST PULL THE STOPPER OUT... AND ABRACADABRA! OUT SHE COMES! LIFE SIZE! THE MOST BREATH-TAKING, DESIRABLE WOMAN IN THE WORLD!
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! HOW DID SHE GET INTO THE BOTTLE IN THE FIRST PLACE?
WHO KNOWS? HOW DID ANY OF THESE JINNS GET INTO THEIR BOTTLES? YET THEY DID! LOOK AT 'EM! AREN'T THEY THE UGLIEST LITTLE THINGS YOU EVER SAW?
I-IT'S AMAZING! THEY'RE LIKE MINIATURE HUMAN BEINGS!
THAT'S JUST IT. THEY'RE NOT HUMAN BEINGS! THEY'RE GENII! GENII! WHO MAKE YOUR EVERY WISH COME TRUE. IF YOU RELEASE THEM FROM THE CAPTIVITY OF THEIR GLASS PRISONS!
(GASP!) ARE THEY FOR SALE? I MEAN...C-CAN I BUY ONE?
CERTAINLY!...FOR $50,000,000! THIS GENIE IS WORTH MUCH MORE! YOU'VE ONLY TO ASK HIM FOR $50,000,000 TO GET YOUR MONEY BACK....
$50,000,000..?..BUT I ONLY HAVE FIVE DOLLARS. IT'S ALL THE MONEY I HAVE IN THE WORLD!
IF THAT'S ALL THE MONEY YOU HAVE, I GUESS IT HAS TO BE ALRIGHT. HERE'S YOUR GENIE! TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM. HE CAN GIVE YOU THE MOON AND STARS!
(GASP!) THEN HE'S M-MINE! THE GENIE'S MINE!

LET ME OUT! PLEASE! I'LL BE YOUR SLAVE. JUST LET ME OUT!
YOU SAY ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LET HIM OUT AND HE'LL FULFILL MY EVERY WISH?
RIGHT. THAT'S WHAT GENII ARE FOR!

THANK YOU! THANK YOU! I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU FOR THIS!
I'M SURE YOU WON'T.

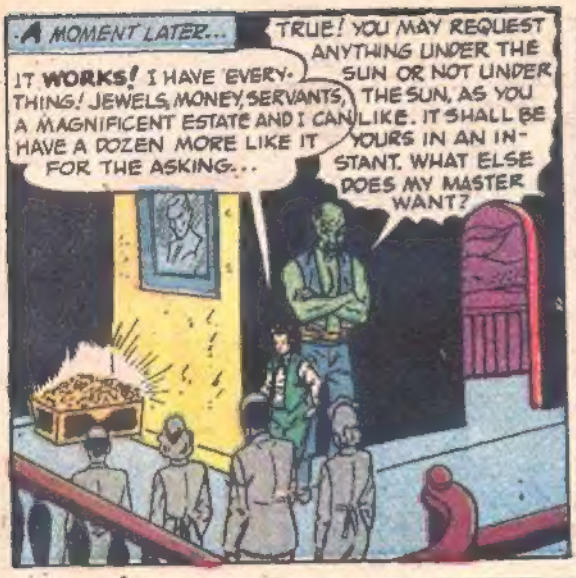
WITH THIS GENIE, I CAN ASK FOR ANYTHING! I CAN EVEN ASK FOR THAT BOTTLE WITH THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN IT!
HEH! HEH HEH!


WHEN EDGAR GOT HOME, HE WASTED NO TIME. WITH TREMBLING FINGERS, HE GRASPED THE CORK...
IT'S LIKE A DREAM! I'VE HEARD OF SUCH THINGS IN ARABIAN NIGHTS! BUT I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD HAPPEN TO ME!
POPPP!

GASP!
WOO-
OOOO

THE GENIE WAS OUT! WITH A VOICE LIKE PEALING THUNDER HE ADDRESSED EDGAR FROM HIS EIGHT FOOT HEIGHT!
GOOD EVENING, MASTER! YOUR SERVANT BIDS YOU MAKE DEMAND UPON HIM! WHAT IS YOUR FIRST WISH? IT SHALL BE GRATIFIED!
W-WISH? I..UH.. WISH ..... FOR WEALTH! GREAT WEALTH! BRING ME MILLIONS OF DOLLARS! A PALACE! MANY SERVANTS!

SO BE IT! YOUR WISH SHALL BE GRANTED!
RRRRR!
CRASHHHHH!


A MOMENT LATER...
IT WORKS! I HAVE EVERYTHING! JEWELS, MONEY, SERVANTS, A MAGNIFICENT ESTATE AND I CAN HAVE A DOZEN MORE LIKE IT FOR THE ASKING...
TRUE! YOU MAY REQUEST ANYTHING UNDER THE SUN OR NOT UNDER THE SUN, AS YOU LIKE. IT SHALL BE YOURS IN AN INSTANT. WHAT ELSE DOES MY MASTER WANT?

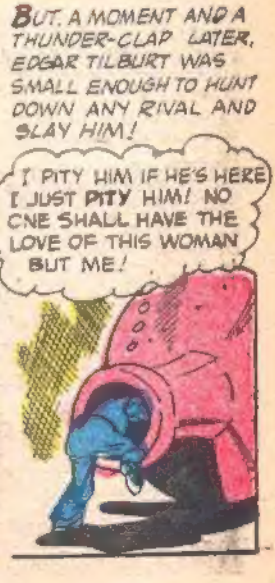
WOMEN! THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN HISTORY! HELEN OF TROY, CLEOPATRA, MARIE ANTOINETTE. I WANT THEM HERE...AND IN LOVE WITH ME!
JUST AS YOU WISH, MASTER
CRRASHHHHH!

(GASP!) AMAZING! WAIT! THERE IS ONE MISSING! GENIE! YOU ARE TO BRING ME THE GIRL IN THAT SMOKE-FILLED BOTTLE IN THE CURIO SHOP! I WANT THAT GIRL!
YES, MASTER!

NOW I WILL FREE YOU, MY DEAR! FREE YOU SO YOU CAN BE MINE!

THERE SHE STOOD, A VISION OF LOVLINESS SUCH AS MAN'S EYE NEVER SAW! BUT-THE GIRL WAS COOL, INDIFFERENT!
WHAT IS IT? I TRY TO EMBRACE YOU...BUT YOU WILD NOT! WHY DO YOU REPEL ME? DO YOU LOVE ANOTHER?
PERHAPS!
I HAVE AN IDEA MASTER!

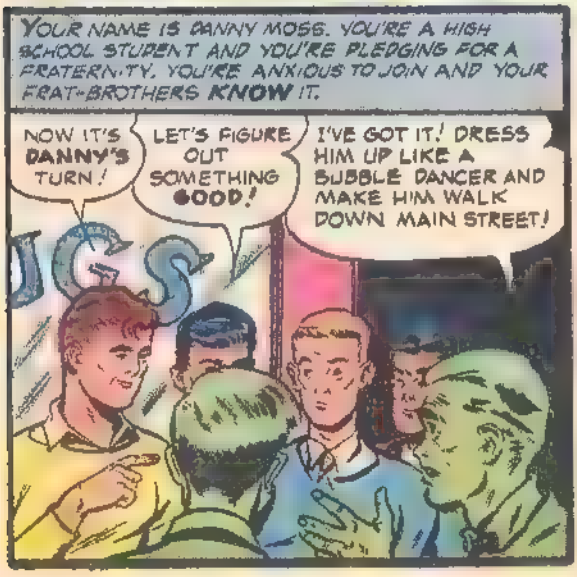
IF THERE IS ANOTHER SHE LOVES, HE CAN ONLY BE IN ONE PLACE! IN THE BOTTLE! IF YOU WERE SMALL ENOUGH TO CRAWL INTO THE BOTTLE, YOU COULD SLAY YOUR RIVAL!
EXCELLENT! MAKE ME SMALL SO THAT I CAN CRAWL IN AND SEE IF MY RIVAL IS THERE! I CAN'T SEE A THING THROUGH THAT SMOKE-FILLED BOTTLE!


BUT, A MOMENT AND A THUNDER-CLAP LATER, EDGAR TILBURT WAS SMALL ENOUGH TO HUNT DOWN ANY RIVAL AND SLAY HIM!
I PITY HIM IF HE'S HERE I JUST PITY HIM! NO ONE SHALL HAVE THE LOVE OF THIS WOMAN BUT ME!

T-THERE'S NOBODY HERE! I M ALONE IN THIS BOT. . (GASP) ..HEY! DON'T STOPPER ME UP. I M COMING OUT!
SQUOOO..OSHH-H!
OH, NO, MY FRIEND YOU'LL STAY THERE QUITE AWHILE' IT TOOK ME 4,000 YEARS TO GET OUT OF MY BOTTLE LETS SEE HOW LONG IT TAKES YOU TO GET OUT OF YOURS!
HE'S ANGRY, SWEETHEART! SEE HOW HE BEATS ON THE GLASS WITH HIS LITTLE FISTS?
LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT!
TOO BAD WE HAVE TO HEAR THAT BLEATING, PIPSQEAK VOICE AFTER BEING APART FOR 4,000 YEARS.
LET ME OUT, YOU TRAITOR! LET ME OUT!
I CAN'T KISS YOU WITH THAT LITTLE IDIOT AROUND! I'LL GET RID OF HIM!
NOW WE HAVE COMPLETE PRIVACY!
MY DARLING! MY DARLING! KISS ME! KISS ME!
BUT BACK AT THE CURIO SHOP UNABLE TO PEEK THROUGH THE SMOKE IN THE BOTTLE, THE DEALER THOUGHT THE GIRL WAS STILL THERE...
GENTLEMEN, YOU'RE BUYING THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MINIATURE WOMAN IN THE WORLD! AND FOR THE MERE SUM OF TEN DOLLARS...
BOY. I CAN'T WAIT TILL THE FELLERSH ...(HIC)..ON BOAT SEE HER ...(HIC)...YESHIR! HERE'SH YOUR MONEY! (HIC)
BUT WHEN THE DRUNKEN TARS SAW WHAT STARED AT THEM FROM THE BOTTLE...
LET ME OUT! PLEASE 'LET ME OUT!
IT A.N'T NO DAME! ..(HIC!) W-WE WAS ROBBED! CHUCK THE CRUMMY THING IN THE OCEAN!
YEAH! THE GUY PLAYED A TRICK ON US... (HIC!)
N-NO! NO! WAIT!
SPLASH!
LET ME OUT!
LET ME OUT!
PLEASE LET ME OUT
PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE
PRETTY SOON THERE WAS NO SOUND AT ALL....THAT ANY HUMAN EAR COULD HEAR.
THE END

A TALE OF HORROR

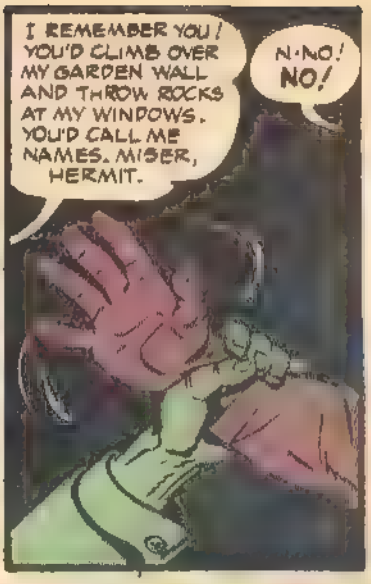
TEST OF TERROR!



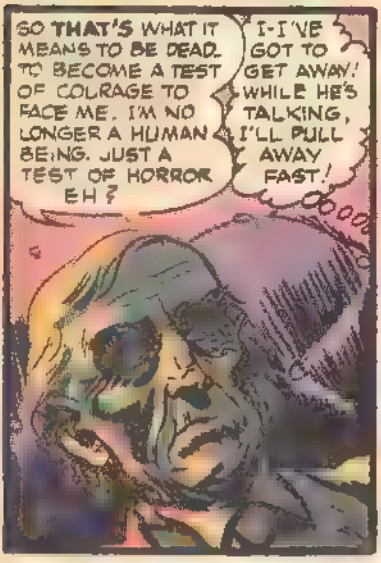
THE USUAL AMOUNT ISN'T ENOUGH FOR LAMBA PHI. WE WANT GUYS WITH GUTS UP TO THEIR EYEBROWS! GUTS FROM TOE TO HEAD! NOTHING BUT GUTS! HAVE YOU GOT THAT KIND OF GUTS?
I-I DON'T KNOW!
IT'S TIME YOU FOUND OUT! SEE THAT HOUSE DOWN THERE?
OLD MAN GLYNN'S? H-HE DIED THIS MORNING!
WHAT A NUT GLYNN WAS! LIVED LIKE A HERMIT IN THAT BIG BARN!
HE USED TO CHASE ANY KID WHO CAME A FOOT INSIDE HIS PROPERTY. HE SURE WAS MEAN!
AND WAS HE UGLY! HIS FACE WOULD STOP AN EIGHT DAY CLOCK!
AND NOW OLD MAN GLYNN HIMSELF IS LYING IN HIS LIVING ROOM, IN A COFFIN, WAITING TO BE BURIED TOMORROW... DANNY, HAVE YOU PAID YOUR RESPECTS TO THE DEAD?
M-ME?... I HARDLY KNEW THE GUY..
THEN GET ACQUAINTED! DANNY, YOUR INITIATION CONSISTS IN GOING INTO OLD MAN GLYNN'S HOUSE AND STEALING THE STICKPIN OUT OF THE OLD MAN'S TIE!
ME...GO INSIDE? GET NEAR HIS COFFIN?
RIGHT! THEN YOU'D PROVE YOU'VE GOT GUTS! MY FATHER TOLD ME OLD MAN GLYNN WAS BEING BURIED WITH HIS FAVORITE STICKPIN. YOU BRING IT OUT AS PROOF YOU WENT NEAR HIS COFFIN!
BEN- HAVE A HEART. YOU'RE ASKIN' TOO MUCH!
LOOK! I'M PRESIDENT OF THIS FRAT AND WHAT I SAY GOES! .. WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER MOSS? ARE YOU TOO SISSY TO GO INSIDE?
N-NO. IT'S NOT T-THAT. IT'S... WELL ...OKAY... BUT HOW DO I GET IN?
THEY SHOWED YOU. THERE WAS ALWAYS ONE WINDOW A LITTLE BIT OPEN FROM THE BOTTOM.
DON'T FORGET, MOSS. BRING OUT THAT STICKPIN! THAT'S OUR ONLY PROOF YOU WENT NEAR THE COFFIN!

YOU WERE DANNY MOSS AND YOU WEREN'T A COWARD. YOU WEREN'T AFRAID OF MOST THINGS. BUT DEATH... DEATH WAS SOMETHING ELSE. IT FRIGHTENED YOU IN A WAY NOTHING ELSE COULD FRIGHTEN YOU.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MOSS? YOU QUITTING? ...IF YOU QUIT, YOU CAN'T JOIN OUR FRAT!
I-I'M GOING. I-I JUST WANTED A LOOK AROUND.
BUT ALL THE LOOKS AROUND DIDN'T HELP. YOU STILL FELT THAT ICY CHILL OF DESPAIR. YOU WERE IN THE PITCH BLACKNESS OF A DEAD MAN'S HOUSE.
THE DOOR SHOULD BE THAT WAY... OPPOSITE THE WINDOWS ...IT IS. I'VE GOT TO LOOK AROUND FOR THE ROOM WITH THE COFFIN IN IT.
THE HOUSE WAS THICK WITH SILENCE. A HEAVY AIR HUNG IN THE CORRIDOR. AS IF SOMETHING INVISIBLE WERE WATCHING YOU...
IT'S AS IF OLD MAN GLYNN COULD SEE ME. AS IF HE KNEW WHAT I CAME HERE FOR...
(GASP!)... S-SOMEBODY'S COMING!
IT WAS ONLY A SERVANT WITH A PRAYER BOOK. YOU THOUGHT SWIFTLY. THE ROOM HE CAME OUT OF...THAT MUST BE IT! YOU LOOKED! IT WAS!
T-THERE'S THE COFFIN... (GULP!)...NOBODY'S AROUND! I-I CAN GO IN! ... WHY SHOULD I BE AFRAID? THE D-DEAD CAN'T HURT ME.
OLD MAN GLYNN CAN'T SPEAK OR STOP ME.
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GRAB THE STICK-P.N AND RUN!
SUDDENLY YOU KNEW YOU WERE BEING WATCHED! THE CORPSE'S EYES WERE OPEN!
THEY MUST'VE FORGOTTEN TO CLOSE HIS EYES! SO WHAT? HE CAN'T STOP ME! HE'S DEAD!

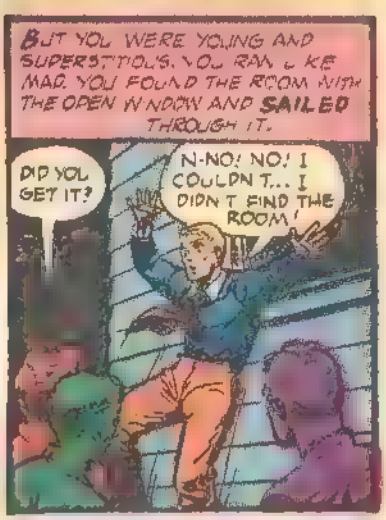
YOU GATHERED UP YOUR COURAGE AND STUCK YOUR HAND OUT TO GRAB THE PIN. SUDDENLY, YOU WERE GRABBED!
N-NO...!- (GASP!)

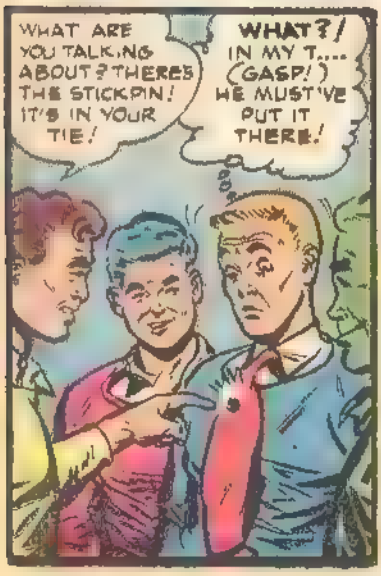

I REMEMBER YOU! YOU'D CLIMB OVER MY GARDEN WALL AND THROW ROCKS AT MY WINDOWS. YOU'D CALL ME NAMES. MISER, HERMIT.
N-NO! NO!

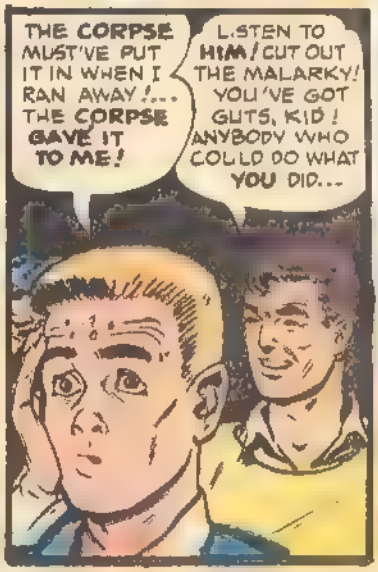
DON'T LIE TO ME, SON! WHAT DID YOU COME FOR? SPEAK UP!
YOUR STICKPIN! THEY M-MADE ME STEAL IN! I HAD TO PROVE I HAD THE NERVE TO STAND NEAR YOUR COFFIN!

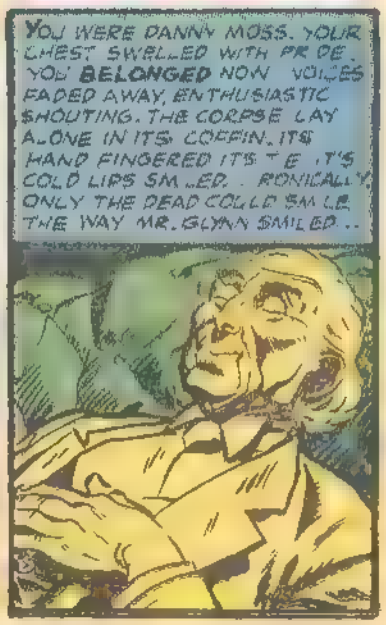

SO THAT'S WHAT IT MEANS TO BE DEAD. TO BECOME A TEST OF COURAGE TO FACE ME. I'M NO LONGER A HUMAN BEING. JUST A TEST OF HORROR EH?
I-I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY! WHILE HE'S TALKING, I'LL PULL AWAY FAST!

THERE!
WAIT, DON'T GO YET! DON'T GO!


BUT YOU WERE YOUNG AND SUPERSTITIOUS. YOU RAN LIKE MAD. YOU FOUND THE ROOM WITH THE OPEN WINDOW AND SAILED THROUGH IT.
DID YOU GET IT?
N-NO! NO! I COULDN'T... I DIDN'T FIND THE ROOM!

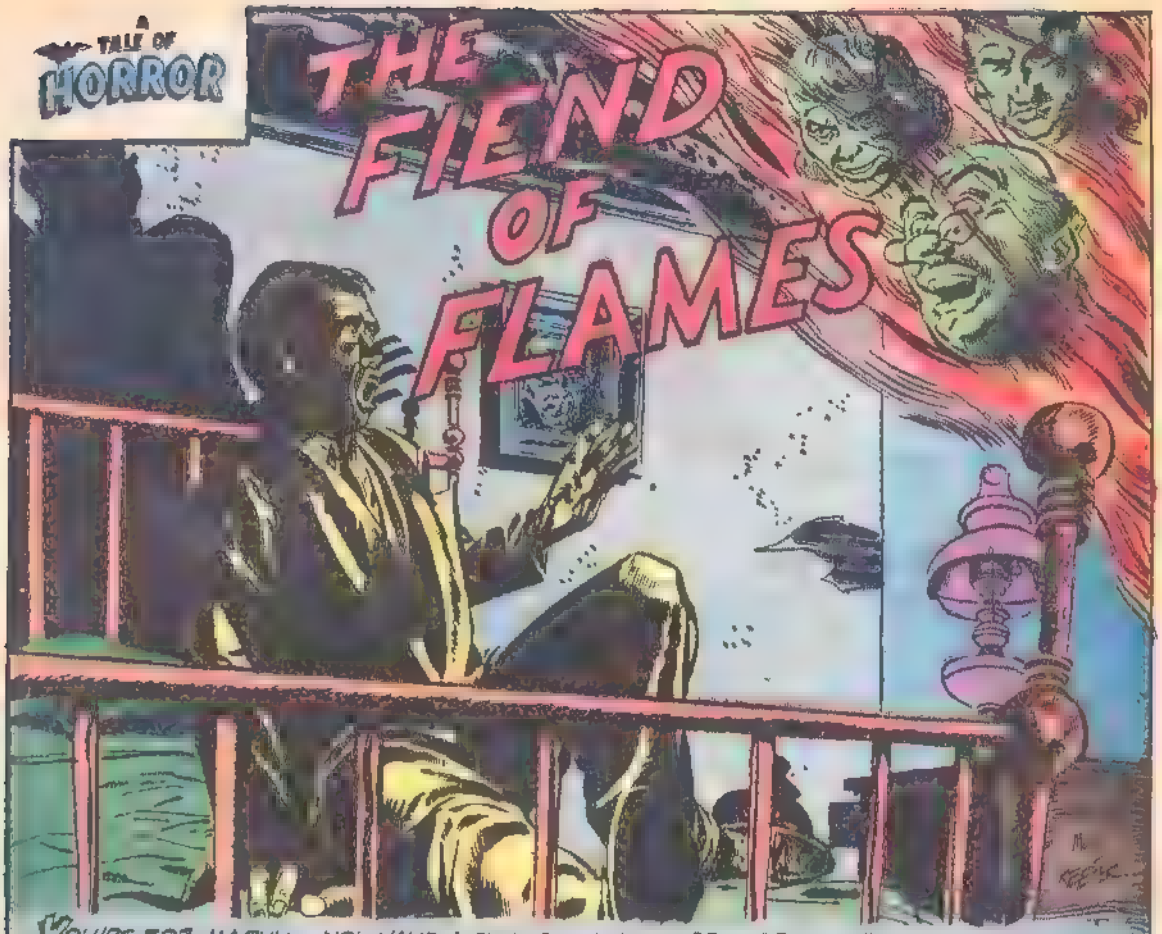

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? THERE'S THE STICKPIN! IT'S IN YOUR TIE!
WHAT?! IN MY T... (GASP!) HE MUST'VE PUT IT THERE!


THE CORPSE MUST'VE PUT IT IN WHEN I RAN AWAY!... THE CORPSE GAVE IT TO ME!
LISTEN TO HIM! CUT OUT THE MALARKY! YOU'VE GOT GUTS, KID! ANYBODY WHO COULD DO WHAT YOU DID...


YOU WERE DANNY MOSS. YOUR CHEST SWELLED WITH PRIDE. YOU BELONGED NOW. VOICES FADED AWAY, ENTHUSIASTIC SHOUTING. THE CORPSE LAY ALONE IN ITS COFFIN. ITS HAND FINGERED ITS TIE. ITS COLD LIPS SMILED. IRONICALLY ONLY THE DEAD COULD SMILE THE WAY MR. GLYNN SMILED..

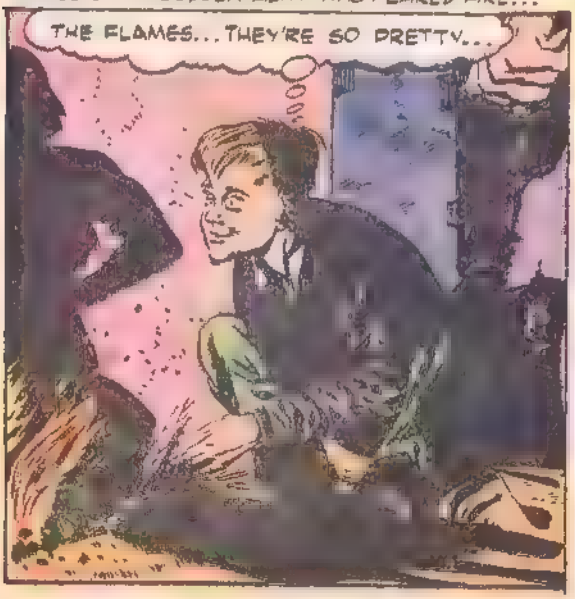
A TALE OF HORROR

THE FIEND OF FLAMES



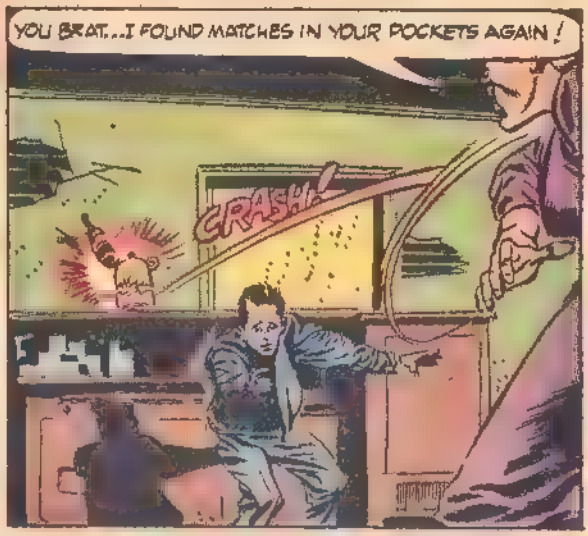
YOU'RE BOB MARLIN---YOU HAVE A TWISTED MIND INSIDE A SPINDLY BODY. YOU HATE THE WHOLE WORLD... AND YOU FIGHT IT WITH FIRE! FLAMES ARE YOUR WEAPONS, YOUR ONLY FRIENDS... SO WHY DO THEY STEAL TOWARD YOU AT NIGHT...CRACKLING WITH HATE, SHAPED IN FLICKERING IMAGES OF YOUR LONG-DEAD VICTIMS..?!

YOU WERE BORN IN THE SLUMS. YOU WERE ORPHANED BEFORE YOU COULD WALK. YOUR GUARDIAN WAS A VICIOUS DRINK-SODDEN AUNT WHO FEARED FIRE...

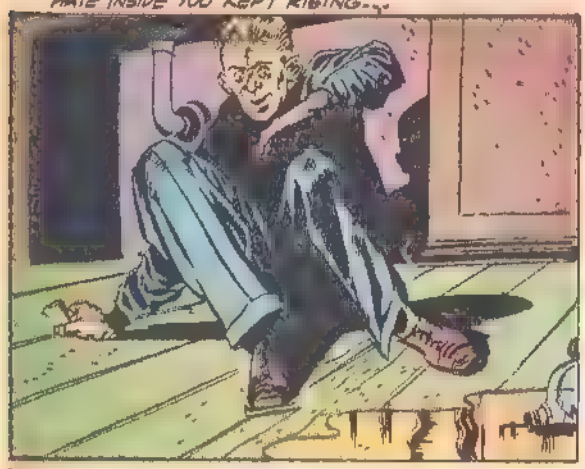


BUT SHE BEAT YOU... ALL THROUGH THE YEARS SHE KEEP BEATING YOU... THE HATE ROSE INSIDE YOU, LIKE SAND IN AN HOUR GLASS...

TILL ONE NIGHT, WHEN YOU WERE EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD..

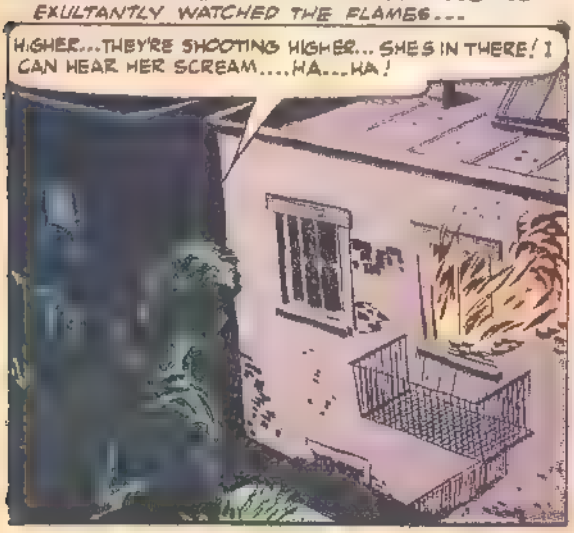


YOUR AUNT STAGGERED DRUNKENLY BACK TO HER BED...THE BOTTLE HAD KNOCKED OVER A CAN OF CLEANING FLUID. YOU SAT ON THE FLOOR, STARING AT THE WIDENING STAIN. YOUR HAND WAS GRIPPING A MATCH. YOU KEPT STARING. THE HATE INSIDE YOU KEPT RISING...

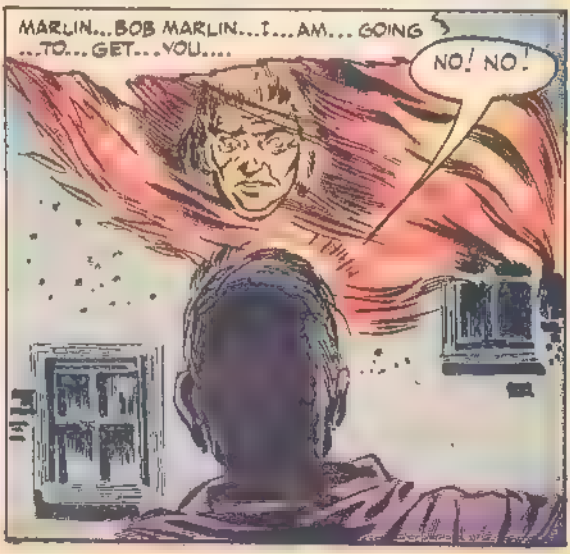


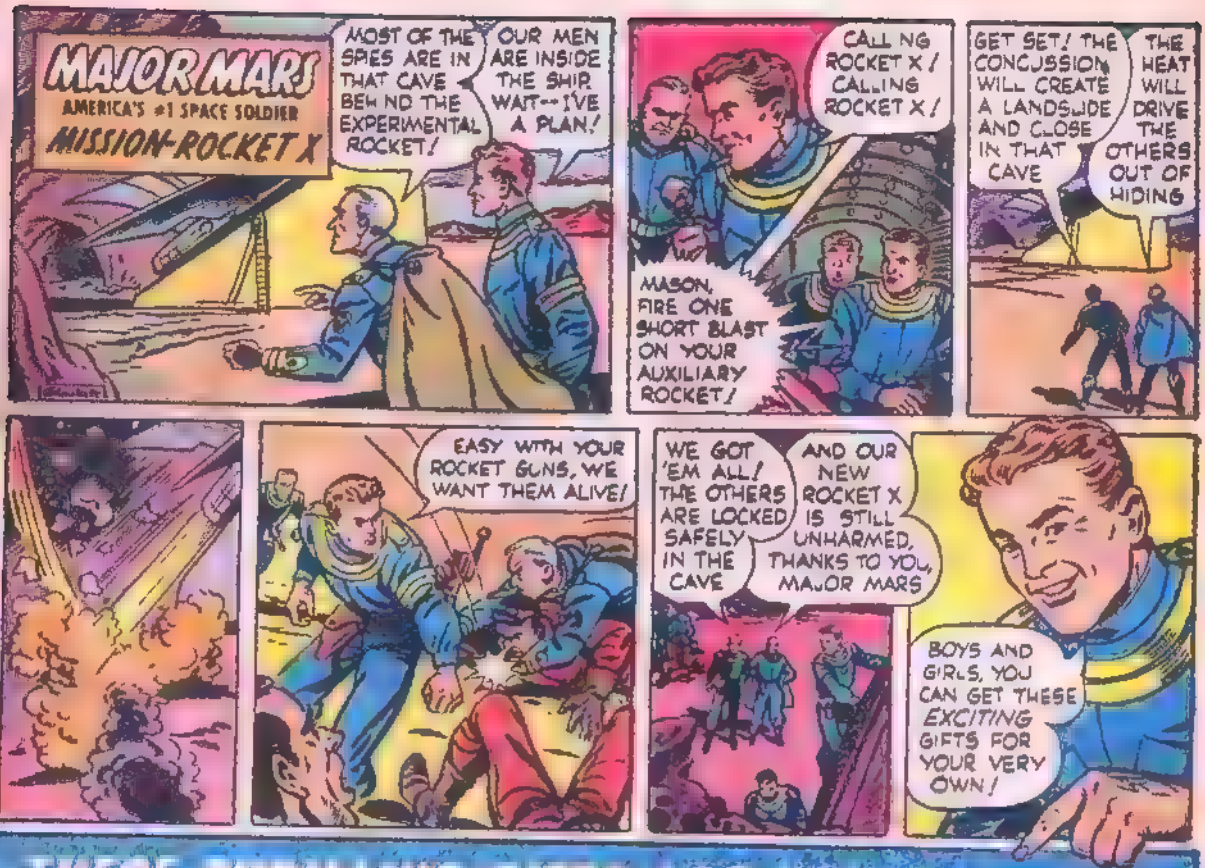
THEN...

YOU CLIMBED OUT OF THE WINDOW, DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE... FROM THE ROOF OF A NEARBY HOUSE YOU EXULTANTLY WATCHED THE FLAMES...



AND A MOMENT LATER...YOU SAW YOUR FIRST FIRE-DEMON...





THESE THRILLING GIFTS ARE YOURS!

#8 PEN & PENCIL SET

Handsome combination set. Fountain pen with 14K gold plated smooth writing point and mechanical pencil.

200 Bags OR 35c & 15 Bags

#50 BEAUTIFUL COSTUME PEARLS

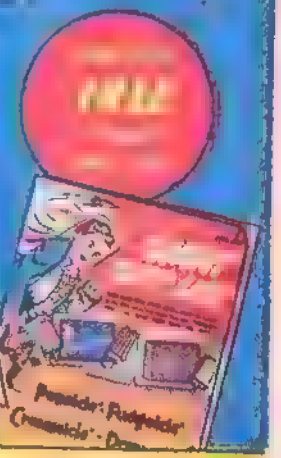
Exotic string of simulated pearls. 17 inches long with fashionable clasp.

70 Bags OR 15c & 10 Bags

#9 REAL ROCKET WATER PISTOL

Telescopic sight, Fast-Shootin' repeater, shoot 350 times on one filling.

115 Bags OR 25c & 10 Bags



MAIL TODAY

"POPSICLE" Box 678, New York 46, N. Y.

Please send me_____

I am enclosing $_____ and _____ bags.

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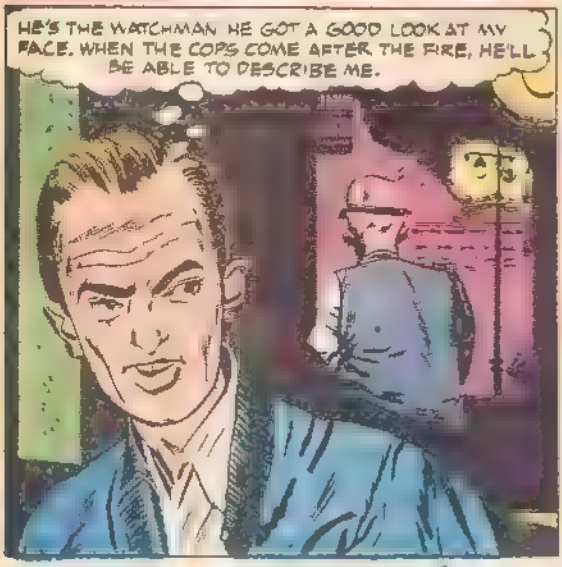
YOU RAN...YOU RAN THE WAY YOU'D NEVER RUN BEFORE.. YOUR PULSE BOOMING WITH FEAR IN YOUR FOREHEAD...

THE YEARS HAVE PASSED...YOU'RE A PROFESSIONAL 'PYRO,' YOU GET FIRES FOR MEN WHO WANT TO COLLECT INSURANCE...AT THIS MOMENT, YOU'RE CASING A JOB!



A MAN IN YOUR TRADE CAN'T AFFORD WITNESSES. SO THE LIGHT OF THE JOB...

WELL GO UP A SMOKE WITH THE REST OF THE JOINT. LET THE COP TRY TO GUESS ON HIS ASHES.

AND THEN YOU MAKE YOUR GETAWAY...

EVERYTHING IS FINE. YOU'RE BACK IN YOUR ROOM, SAFE, UNSUSPECTED. YOU FEEL LIKE SMOKING..

NO...I DIDN'T SEE NOTHIN'... I'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD I NEED A REST!
A WEEK LATER, SMOLLET, THE MAN WHO LINES UP YOUR JOBS, DROPS INTO YOUR ROOM...
WHATSAMATTER, BOBBY, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU BEEN HIT BY A TRUCK .?
LEAVE ME ALONE...
WAIT TILL YOU HEAR ABOUT OUR NEXT JOB...
THAT MATCH ...SQUASH IT!
HEY... YOU NUTS?
GET OUT OF HERE, GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I KILL YOU
HE'S OFF HIS ROCKER. I BETTER REPORT THIS TO THE BOSS... MARLIN CAN MAKE PLENTY TROUBLE IF HE BEGINS SPOUTING ABOUT THE JOBS HE'S DONE FOR US...
WE'LL HAVE TO RUB H M OUT., TAKE TWO OF THE MEN W TH YOU, SMOLLET. TONIGHT TH S RACKET'LL GO SKY-HIGH IF HE TALKS .SO SQUASH THAT FIRE-BUG FLAT!
SO THAT NIGHT, AS YOU LIE SLEEPLESSLY IN BED, YOU HEAR STEALTHY STEPS ON THE STA RS...
WHO S THAT .? WHY D DN'T THEY RING .? THEY'RE STOPPING AT MY DOOR!

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP $2.50

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP $3.00

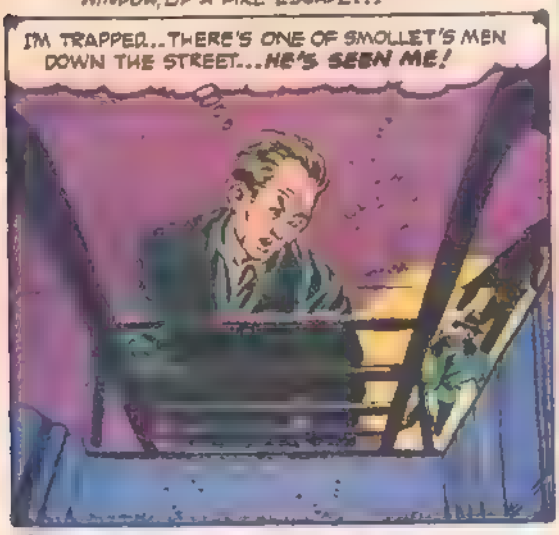
IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP $4.00

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

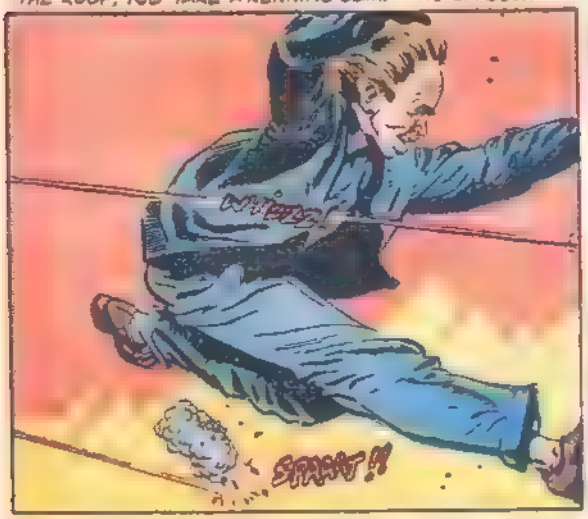
WRITE FOR COMPLETE DETAILS TO

STERLING CREDIT SALES

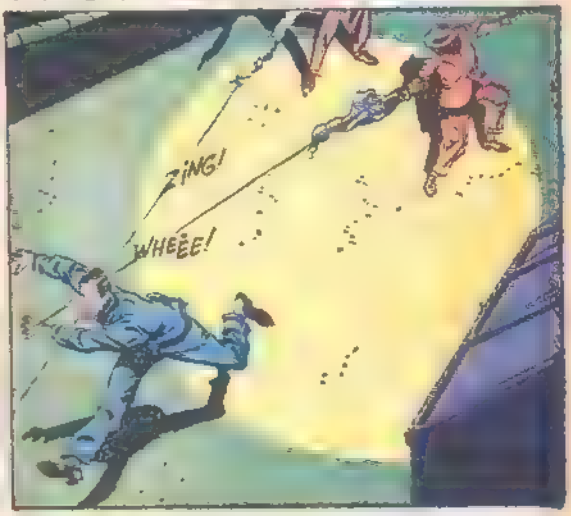
THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE GONE THROUGH A WINDOW, UP A FIRE ESCAPE...



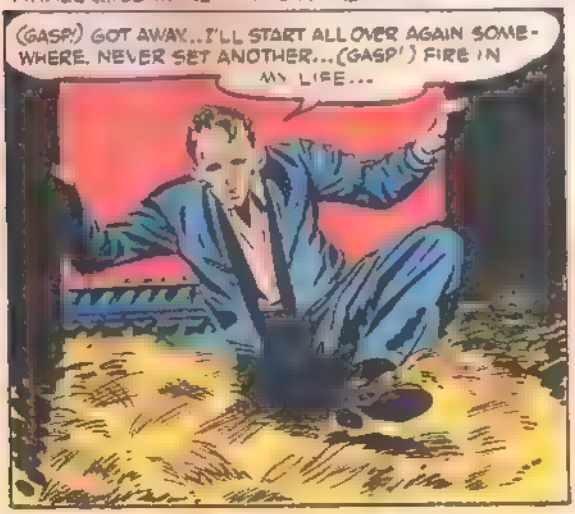
BUT THE BULLETS MISS...AND AFTER CLAMBERING UP TO THE ROOF, YOU TAKE A RUNNING JUMP INTO SPACE...



YOU LAND SAFELY, YOU KEEP RUNNING THROUGH AIR CHURNED BY MURDEROUS BULLETS....



..YOU CLIMB DOWN ANOTHER FIRE-ESCAPE, YOU LOSE YOUR PURSUERS IN A MAZE OF SHADOWY STREETS, AND FINALLY..YOU MAKE IT INTO A FREIGHT...



AND AS THE TRAIN CHUGS THROUGH THE NIGHT, YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT WEEK...

A DAY PASSES, ANOTHER NIGHT SETS IN... AND YOU'RE HUNGRY! YOU HAVEN'T EATEN FOR FORTY-EIGHT HOURS...SO YOU SWING OFF THE FREIGHT NEXT TIME IT SLOWS UP...

LOOKS LIKE A KICK-TOWN. SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE HERE.

YOU HAVE NO MONEY...SO THAT'S YOUR FIRST PROBLEM ...TO GET MONEY! YOU CREEP ALONG A DARK SIDE STREET. YOU SPOT A MAN...

ARAARGH!

GIVE ME YOUR DOUGH, AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!

BUT JUST THEN...

LET HIM GO. STEP BACK WITH YOUR HANDS UP. I'VE BEEN TRAILING YOU EVER SINCE YOU DROPPED OFF THE FREIGHT!

I WAS HUNGRY... THAT'S WHY I DID IT!

YOU CAN TELL THAT TO THE JUDGE IN THE MORNING!

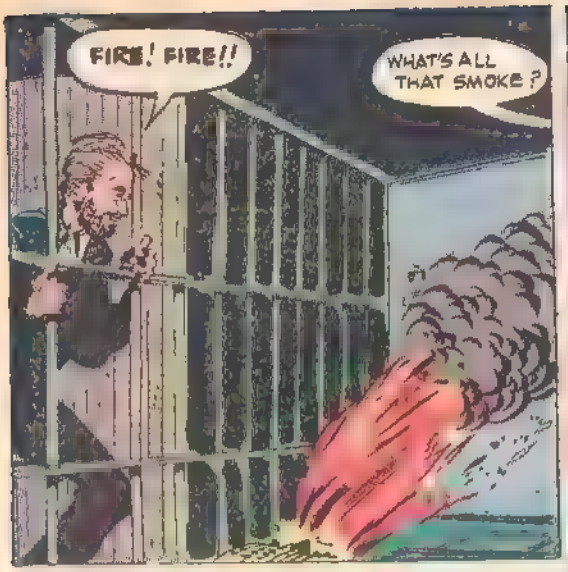
I'LL HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE... FAST. SMOLLETT'LL BE ABLE TO TRAIL ME HERE. HE'LL GET ME FOR SURE...

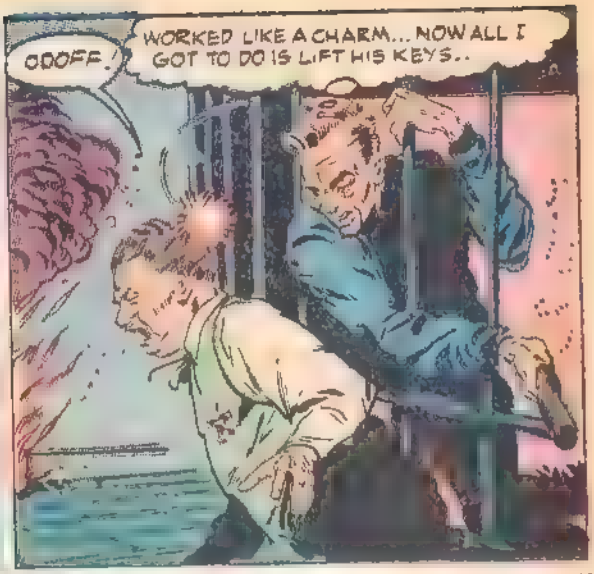
YOUR EYES DROP HOPELESSLY TO THE GRIMY FLOOR. THEN YOU SEE...

A MATCH!

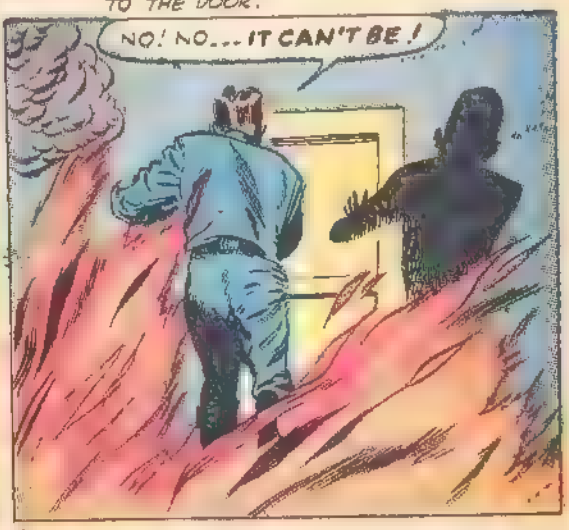
QUICK AS A RISING FLAME, THE PLAN FORMS IN YOUR MIND! YOU GET TO WORK...

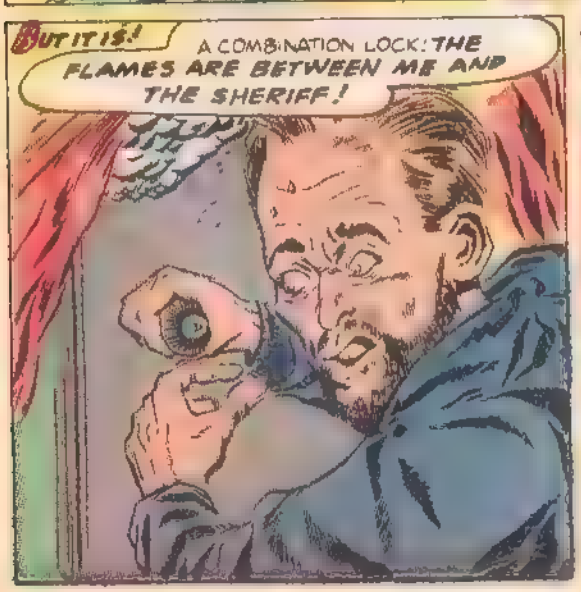
SHREDDED THE MATTRESS... PUSHED IT OUT INTO THE HALL... NOW I STRIKE THE MATCH...



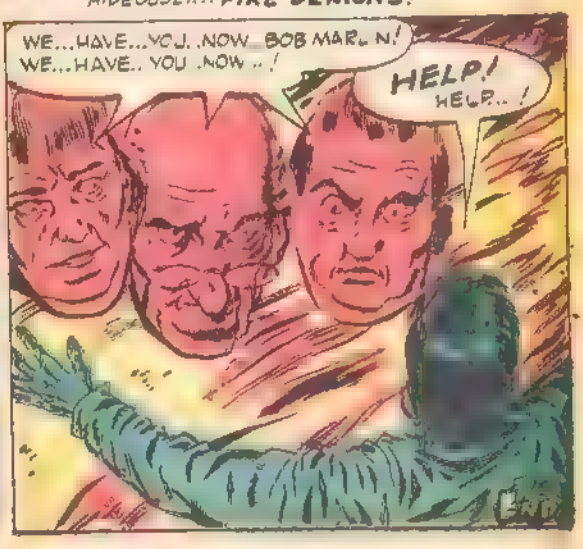


THE FLAMES HISS ANGRILY BEHIND YOU...YOU RUSH TO THE DOOR.



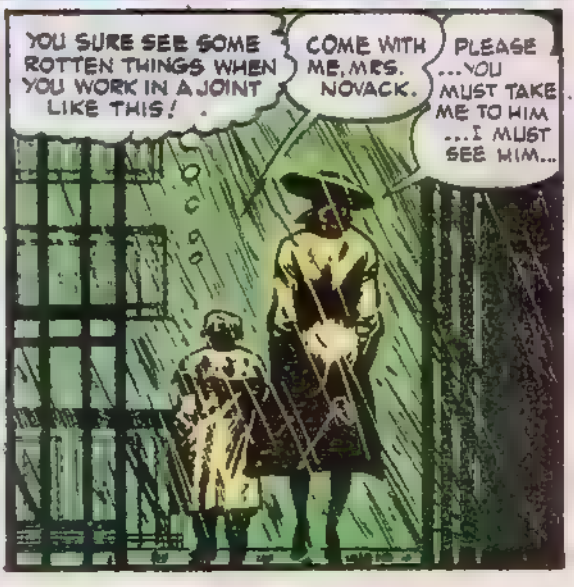


AND THEN YOU HEAR THEM BEHIND YOU CRACKLING HIDEOUSLY... FIRE DEMONS!



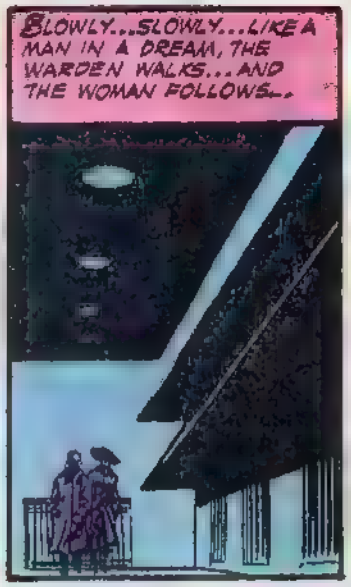
A TALE OF HORROR

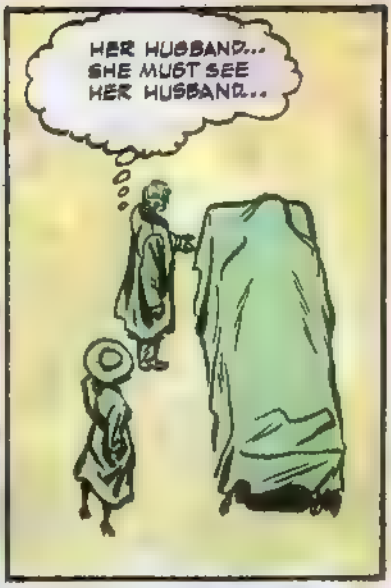
"The WEIRDEST SUICIDE PACT OF ALL TIMES!"



THE GUARD WALKS QUICKLY, HE CANNOT WAIT TO GET THE WIDE-EYED VISITOR OFF HIS HANDS...
R-RIGHT AROUND THE BEND, MRS. NOVACK. I'M TAKING YOU TO THE CHIEF GUARD
WHATSAMATTER, HILTON? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST!
TH-THIS LADY'S GOT A LETTER FROM THE GOVERNOR. IT SAYS WE'RE TO LET HER IN TO SEE HER HUSBAND ...ED NOVACK!
ED NOVACK! A WIFE? IT CAN'T BE!
I MUST SEE HIM...
I'D CALL THE WARDEN IF I WAS YOU. GIVE HIM THE HEADACHE... HE GETS PAID ENOUGH!
YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING, THERE, HILTON. THIS IS ONE THING I DON'T WANT TO HANDLE NOHOW!
A MOMENT LATER, THE TELEPHONE RINGS SHRILLY AT THE WARDEN'S BEDSIDE...
WARDEN MORGAN SPEAKING... WHOEVER THIS IS YOU BETTER HAVE A GOOD REASON FOR... WHAT? MRS. NOVACK!! ED NOVACK— A WIFE? A LETTER FROM THE GOVERNOR...! COMING RIGHT OVER!
NOTHING LIKE THIS HAS EVER HAPPENED BEFORE. WHAT WILL I TELL THE POOR WOMAN?
MRS NOVACK, I...ER... I IMAGINE YOU'VE HAD A LONG TRIP. CHANCES ARE YOU HAVEN'T READ THE PAPERS FOR A LONG TIME. I..I..ER... HAVE SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU...
PLEASE... TALK IS NO GOOD. TAKE ME TO MY HUSBAND I MUST SEE HIM!

THE WARDEN STAMMERS INTO SILENCE. THE WOMAN'S EYES BURN INTO HIS, HE FEELS THE STRENGTH DRAWING OUT OF HIM. ...WHEN HE SPEAKS AGAIN, HIS WILL IS NO LONGER HIS OWN. HIS VOICE IS DRY AND CRACKING...
AS YOU WISH... FOLLOW ME...

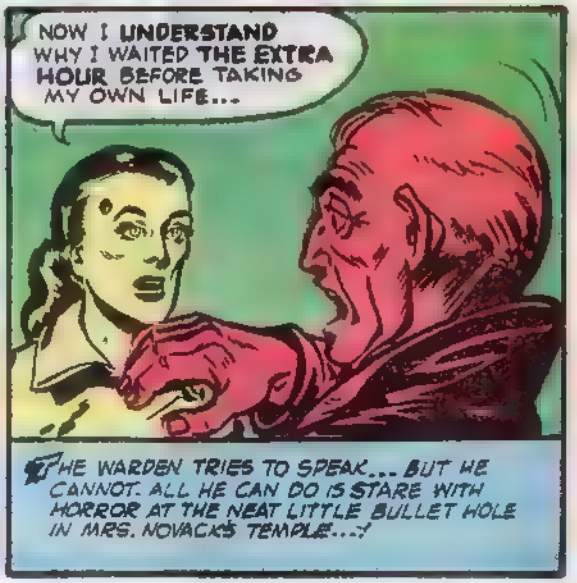

BLOWLY...SLOWLY...LIKE A MAN IN A DREAM, THE WARDEN WALKS... AND THE WOMAN FOLLOWS...


HER HUSBAND... SHE MUST SEE HER HUSBAND...

HERE IS YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. NOVACK... HE WAS ELECTROCUTED AT MIDNIGHT, MRS. NOVACK...
AT MIDNIGHT... ARE YOU SURE IT WAS AT MIDNIGHT?

YES... I AM SURE... IT WAS SCHEDULED FOR ELEVEN, BUT THE CIRCUIT BROKE DOWN... AND THERE WAS AN HOUR DELAY

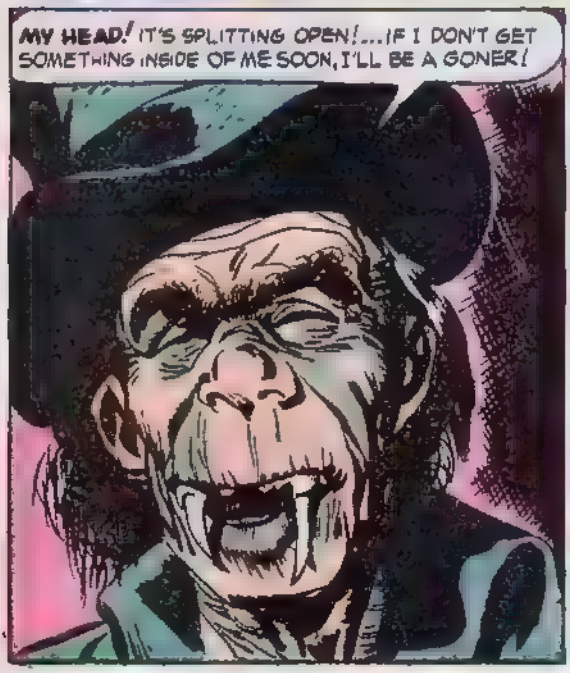
SO THAT IS WHAT HAPPENED! NOW I UNDERSTAND...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT DO YOU UNDERSTAND, MRS. NOVACK?


NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY I WAITED THE EXTRA HOUR BEFORE TAKING MY OWN LIFE...
THE WARDEN TRIES TO SPEAK... BUT HE CANNOT. ALL HE CAN DO IS STARE WITH HORROR AT THE NEAT LITTLE BULLET HOLE IN MRS. NOVACK'S TEMPLE...!

A TALE OF HORROR

"Special on BEET SOUP"

THE AFTER-MIDNIGHT STILLNESS OF A DIM-LIT STREET IN NEW YORK.... IS SHREDDED BY SLOW... SLITHERING FOOTSTEPS....



HIYA! WANNA BE A FRIEND? I'M IN A BAD WAY... (HICCUP)... GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR WHAT'S AILING ME!
BE GLAD TO, SIR. YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE... SIT DOWN ON THAT BOX FOR A SECOND.
POOR FELLOW...I KNOW JUST HOW HE FEELS...
LOOKS LIKE BEET SOUP... GUESS THE OLD DUFFER KNOWS WHAT HE'S GIVING ME. THANKS. TRUST ME 'TIL TOMORROW...I LIVE JUST AROUND THE CORNER.
DON'T MENTION IT, SIR. YOU'LL BE BACK FOR MORE, I KNOW YOU WILL.
YOU'LL SEE, SIR... YOU'LL FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN WHEN YOU GET UP IN THE MORNING.
I SURE HOPE SO!
BOY, I REALLY HAVE A LOAD ON.. I BETTER DRINK THIS STUFF AS SOON AS I GET UPSTAIRS!
HOME SWEET HOME! I BETTER SIT DOWN FOR A SECOND. THAT ELEVATOR RIDE LEFT MY HEAD SPINNING LIKE A TOP...

THEN...
WHEW...I DIDN'T EVEN REALIZE I'VE BEEN WEARING THIS MASK ALL THE TIME... THAT'S HOW STINKO I AM! THAT SURE WAS A LULU OF A MASQUERADE BALL!
HMMM...THE STUFF THE GROCER GAVE ME...MAYBE, THAT'LL HELP. I'LL TAKE IT INTO THE KITCHEN... OPEN IT!
COVER SURE IS ON TIGHT... WHERE'S THE OPENER... IT'S SLIPPING!
JUST MY LUCK... WHAT THE...THAT'S NOT BEET SOUP!!
CRASH!
IT...IT LOOKS LIKE —BLOOD!!
SOBERED, THE YOUNG MAN RUSHED DOWN INTO THE STREET.
THAT POOR LITTLE GROCER COULD GET INTO A LOT OF TROUBLE! I'LL TELL HIM TO CHECK THE REST OF THE STOCK...SOMETHING MUST'VE HAPPENED AT THE FACTORY WHERE THEY MAKE THE BEET SOUP....

THAT JAR YOU GAVE ME—IT WAS FILLED WITH BLOOD!
IT WAS...?
YEAH... LET'S CHECK THE OTHER JARS THEN WE'LL GO TOGETHER AND REPORT IT TO THE POLICE.
I'M SO SORRY!
...THIS NEVER SHOULD HAVE HAPPENED...
...I MADE A DREADFUL MISTAKE...
...YOU SEE.. WHEN YOU CAME IN DRESSED THAT WAY...
...I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF US!
AAAAAGGGHHHH!

BRIEF STOP AT LAMBEAU

HENRI ROCHE WAS a man of drastic action.

You looked at him, there was little to see. Henri was slight of build and round-shouldered. His features were commonplace to the point on anonymity.

If you had to guess at Henri's profession, you would snap out immediately, "Clerk — government service." But you would be wrong. Dead wrong. For Henri was a murderer for hire, the most proficient member of his grisly profession in all of Paris.

At work he was business-like and matter-of-fact. You wanted a love-rival killed — you called Henri . . . You wanted a nasty creditor killed — you called Henri . . . Considering his reputation, his rates were very reasonable; and he worked always with skill and discretion.

You never had to worry about Henri talking loosely.

He drank, but his tongue was always under control. He drank *pernods*, one after the other, fast, not savoring them slowly the way Frenchmen generally do. Once started, he would drink till his mind was an absolute blank, and sometimes it was weeks before he knew he was Henri Roche again . . .

This was the tail-end of one of these times . . .

"I am Henri Roche," he groaned to himself while blinking fuzzily at the unfamiliar station platform on which he was standing. "What a—" Then he grimaced puzzledly. He had been about to say, "What a head!" but it was his neck that was aching horribly, not his head.

Gingerly, Henri touched his neck with his fingers. For a moment he thought he was going to be sick. He leaned over the edge of the silent station platform, but nothing happened.

The station was shrouded in fog, and the fog kept sliding coldly over Henri. He shivered. He plunged his hands deep into his trench-coat pockets, his fingers working nervously. "Where am I?" he wondered. For a long moment he strained forward, listening for the noises you ordinarily hear at a small country station: the humming of the rails, doors slamming, birds chirping, baggage scraping . . .

But there was only the sound of his shoes on the planking, no other sound . . .

He was at the end of the platform now. The tracks pushed forward for a few yards, then dissolved greyly in fog. He turned abruptly, retraced his steps — and for the first time saw the small station house. "Ah!" Henri cried happily, and ran to pull the door open, expecting light and warmth—

But inside, it was even colder and darker . . .

The fog rolled in through the open door behind Henri and spread lazily around a massive desk and some revolving chairs. At the desk, the station-master looked up from his ledgers, nodded curtly, and quickly bent his head again.

Henri strode forward to the station-master's desk. He pounded the desk with his small fist, heedless of the stacks of tickets fluttering whisperingly apart. "I am Henri Roche," he said hoarsely. "From Paris. What station is this? I demand to know!"

The station-master shrugged. He was a short, tired-looking man in a crumpled black uniform. On his soft round face was the shadow of a frown. "Monsieur," he said, "this is Lambeau."

"Lambeau!" croaked Henri. "Never heard of it." He would have said more, but his neck was paining him again. There was a choking rawness . . . When the spasm ended, he spoke in a cautious whisper.

"When is the next train to Paris?" he whispered.

"One never knows," the station-master said softly.

The three words spun for a moment in the silence, then splintered into a thousand echoes. *Never knows, one, one never knows* . . .

Henri felt his stomach knotting with fear. He spoke quaveringly. "I am a man of business. At this very second, perhaps five, six clients are looking for me."

The station-master rose slowly from his chair behind the massive desk. He gestured soothingly. "You will need rest," he said, "there is fever in your eyes. It will be only a brief stop at Lambeau . . . Listen, my friend — behind the station in the *Rue de la Tete* is a small inn. Walk there, nap for a while. Eat — the *cuisine* is superb . . . and tonight, you and I shall have a long talk."

Henri meant to frown. He meant to square his chest and pound with his fists

again. "I am a citizen of Paris!" he meant to shout. But the station-master's eyes gripped his in a cold steady stare, and suddenly, unaccountably, Henri felt tired and weak. "I need rest," he muttered to himself. "The station-master is right. I need rest . . ."

Turning slowly, Henri walked out through the station-house door.

Outside, the fog stroked his quivering cheeks with cold wet fingers. The fog kept stroking Henri all the way up the *Rue de la Tete* until he reached the inn with the superbe *cuisine* . . .

* * * *

Three hours had passed . . . and now Henri was standing at the window of his room, stretching lazily. "Aaah," Henri was thinking, "how a good meal will buck a man up!" He felt better now, much better. The food here was good, the service truly remarkable for . . .

It was at this relaxed moment that someone rapped at the door of Henri's room.

"Come in—" called Henri, frowning because his neck suddenly pained him again.

"Oh, *you*," he said when he saw the station-master still in his crumpled uniform standing in the doorway. "I was wondering when you'd come."

The station-master smiled sadly. "I trust you found everything to your liking."

"Perfect, old man," said Henri. He wafted a kiss to the air to express his enthusiasm. "Couldn't have asked for better if I tried!" Then Henri cocked his head — the neck felt fine again — and looked searchingly at the station-master. "You said we'd have a long talk tonight. What about?"

Once more the station-master smiled sadly. Drawing a thick gold watch from his vest pocket, he said, "It is time . . . Come with me."

"Now see here, old man," Henri began to say. Henri wanted to be pleasant, but all this mysteriousness, all this leading him by the nose. "Now see here—"

But the words died in Henri's throat. His will crumpled just as it had done in the station-house; and the next moment, he found himself following the station-master down a narrow winding flight of stairs.

Down they went, down past the street level with its silence and fog, down past a cellar where cheeses and hams were stored, down past a sub-cellar empty save for spider-webs, down, down to a place where the shadows were thick as dried blood . . .

They had come to the bottom now — the stairs had abruptly ended. Henri stood quietly, peering ahead into the darkness. What sort of place was this? No racks for wine bottles, no bins for coal . . . Henri's eyes kept travelling in an ever-widening arc—

"Aggggh!"

Fear had exploded inside him. *"Aggggh!"* Henri gasped again, cringing back from what loomed, tall and implacable, before him.

"My gallows," the station-master said simply.

The gallows stood there, bulky, black, with the noose hanging empty.

"It is my curse," said the station-master. He consulted his watch again. "I am the haunted hangman of Lambeau." He replaced the watch. "I am three hundred and twenty-four years old—" Now he was reaching for a black cloak hanging from a hook on the moisture-splotched wall. He settled the cloak onto his shoulders, somberly smoothing the pleats. "I was a hangman in my regular life-span. I would have been dead long ago, peacefully at rest, if not for my curse." His voice sounded measurelessly tired. "You see, I enjoyed my work — shall we say? — too much, when I was young. I loved the power it gave me, I laughed when the men died . . ."

There was a black hood hanging next to where the cloak had hung. The station-master was reaching for the hood now. "So I was cursed," he said. "Cursed to live forever and keep hanging men forever. Of course, I cannot hang the living . . . They come to me fresh from gallows all over the world. Always they come to Lambeau for me to hang them again . . . "

Henri flinched. Now he remembered . . . This time there had been no *pernod* drinking bout. That was not what he had come out of at all . . .

In quick bitter flashes, Henri remembered: *his last job . . . the Paris police catching him . . . the swift trial . . . the judge's stern face as he had pronounced sentence . . . the waiting in prison . . . the final dawn, the thirteen steps, the noose, the trap door suddenly giving way . . . and then the silent station platform in the fog . . .*

Hooded and cloaked, the hangman of Lambeau stood waiting for him on the gallows.

Henri felt himself moving forward.

There were thirteen steps, as there had been before.

The noose was thick and coarse, as it had been before . . .

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MEN! AMAZING NEW "BODYGUARD"

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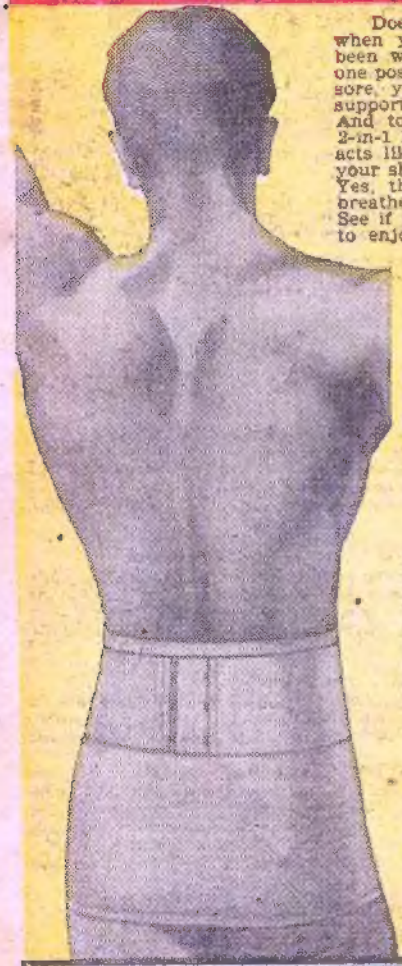
IMPROVES YOUR POSTURE—YOUR APPEARANCE—YOUR HEALTH



Does your back feel "busted" after a day's work? Does it ache when you stand, when you turn, when you bend—because you've been working all day without proper back support? Has sitting in one position all day, or doing heavy manual work, made your muscles sore, your back stiff and tender? Well cheer up—here's the back support you may need! If so, you're going to feel better—fast! And to convince yourself we ask you to try the sensational new 2-in-1 BODYGUARD—actually wear it 10 days FREE! BODYGUARD acts like a strong, friendly hand—bracing your back, straightening your shoulders, throwing out your chest, relieving strain and fatigue. Yes, the BODYGUARD will encourage you to walk more upright, breathe more deeply, work better, have a new spring to your step. See if you're not full of pep and zing after a full day's work—ready to enjoy your home and family, ready to step out and have fun!

WHY YOUR BACK ACHES

Nature intended Man to walk on four legs. Now that we walk on two feet, in a vertical position, all kinds of problems are created. Your spine and your abdominal and back muscles have to support a lot of extra weight and strain. If you stand on your feet for hours every day, if your job requires you to do a lot of bending, twisting, turning, walking, pushing—no wonder your back gets sore and tired! Now just imagine how much better you'll feel when you've got a firm, comfortable support right where you need it most! That's exactly what the BODYGUARD does for you.

BODYGUARD braces your back with a smooth, soft, comfortable cotton contil fabric that does not bind you or make you feel constricted. The two-way-s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth fits you like a glove—and the adjustable built-in strap gives you exactly the degree of control you want.

CONTROLS "BAY WINDOW" TOO

BODYGUARD lifts and flattens your bulging bay window while it braces your back. What's more, you get extra support where you need it most by turning your garment around. Turn it to the front and presto!—your bulging stomachline disappears, your midsection is lifted and flattened—you look younger, slimmer, more athletic. And you'll be delighted with the amazing improvement in the way your clothes hang.

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[illegible] in your [illegible] of [illegible] stores one [illegible] Safe, easy [illegible] to replace [illegible] and green plate. The increased value [illegible] a single stamp [illegible] by STAMPLIFT [illegible] will pay [illegible] of any [illegible] $2.00

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